

BALLAD.

*Upon a Gentleman's sitting upon the Lady W——'s
Cremona Fiddle.*

To the Tune of King John, and the Abbot of Canterbury.

YE Lads and ye Lasses that live at *Longleat*,
Where They say there's no End of good Drink and good Meat;
Where the Poor fill their Bellies, the Rich receive Honour,
So great and so good is the Lord of the Mannor:

Sing down, derry down, &c.

Ye Nymphs and ye Swains that inhabit the Place,
Give Ear to my Song, of a Fiddle's hard Case;
For it is of a Fiddle, a sweet Fiddle, I Sing:
A softer and sweeter did never wear String.

Derry down.

Melpomene, lend me the Aid of thy Art,
Whilst I the sad Fate of this Fiddle impart;
For never had Fiddle a Fortune so bad:
Which shows the best Things the worst Fortune have had.

Derry down.

This Fiddle of Fiddles, when it came to be try'd,
Was as sweet as a Lark, and as soft as a Bride;
This Fiddle to see, and its Musick to hear,
Gave Delight to the Eye, while it raviht the Ear.

Derry down.

But first I must sing of this Fiddle's Country,
'Twas born and 'twas bred in fair *Italy*;
In a Town where a Marshal of *France* had the Hap
(*Fortune de la Guerre*) to be caught in a Trap.

Derry down.

And

And now having fung of this Fiddle's high Birth,
 I shou'd sing of the Fingers, which made so much Mirth:
 But Fingers so strait, so swift, and so small,
 Shou'd be fung by a Poet, or not fung at all.

Derry down.

Tho' I am, God wot, but a poor Country Swain,
 And cannot indite in so lofty a Strain;
 So all I can say, is, to tell you once more,
 Such Hands and such Fingers were ne'er seen before.

Derry down.

Having fung of the Fingers, and Fiddle, I trow,
 You'll hold it but meet, I shou'd sing of the Bow:
 The Bow it was Ebon, whose Virtue was such,
 It wounded your Heart, if your Ear it did touch.

Derry down.

Cupid fain wou'd have chang'd with this Bow for a-while,
 To which the Coy Nymph thus reply'd with a Smile;
 My Bow is far better than yours: I'll appeal:
 Yours only can kill, mine can both kill and heal.

Derry down.

This Fiddle and Bow, and its Musick together,
 Wou'd make heavy Hearts as light as a Feather:
 But, alas! when I shall its Catastrophe sing,
 Your Heart it will bleed, and your Hands you will ring.

Derry down.

This Fiddle was laid on a soft easy Chair,
 Taking all for its Friends, its sweet Musick did hear;
 When strait there came in a huge Masculine Bum,
 I wish the De'el had it, to make him a Drum.

Derry down.

Now Woe to the Bum that this Fiddle demolish'd,
 That has all our Musick and Pastime abolish'd:
 May it never want Birch to be switch'd and be lash'd;
 May it ever be itching, and never be scratch'd.

Derry down.

May it never break Wind in the Cholick so grievous,
 A Penance too small, for a Crime so mischievous;
 Ne'er find a soft Cushion, its Anguish to ease,
 While all is too little my Wrath to appease.

Derry down.

Of other Bum Scapes, may it still bear the Blame,
Ne'er shew its bare Face without Sorrow or Shame;
May it ne'er mount on Horseback, without Loss of Leather,
Which brings me almost to the End of my Tether.

Derry down.

And now, least some Critick of deep Penetration,
Shou'd attack our poor Ballad, with grave Annotation;
The Fop must be told, without speaking in Riddle,
He must first make a better, or kiss my Bum-Fiddle.

Derry down.

F I N I S.

Of other Bum Scapes, may it still bear the blame,
 Ne'er show its bare Face without Sorrow or Shame;
 May it ne'er mount on Horseback, without Loss of Leather,
 Which brings me almost to the End of my Tether.

Very soon.

And now, lest some Critick of deep Penetration,
 Should attack our poor Ballad, with grave Annotation;
 The Poem must be told, without speaking in Riddle,
 He must first make a better, *Call it my Bum-Fiddle.*

Very soon.



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